

What is Home Without the Republican

# The Daily Republican.

State Librarian

Vol. 8. No. 51.

Rushville, Indiana, Tuesday Evening, June 27, 1911.

Our Aim, All the News—All the Time

Single Copies, 2 Cents.

## STORM SWEEPS OVER COUNTY LEAVING DAMAGE IN ITS WAKE

Corn, Wheat and Oats are Laid Flat in the Field by Strong Wind.

### THE FRUIT CROP IS INJURED

Whole Orchards Are Wrecked and Shade Trees Are Blown Across Roads—Passage Impossible.

### TELEPHONE LINES ARE DOWN

Roofs Are Torn Off of Barns and Many Wind Mills are Destroyed.

A storm that was the most severe one of the season and which left damage in its wake, swept over Rushville and the northern part of Rush county early this morning. The storm hit Rushville about four o'clock and threatened to do considerable damage here. It seems that Rushville was only along the edge of the path of the wind, rain and lightning as most of the damage is reported in the northern part of the county. Belated reports are to the effect that lightning during the storm of yesterday morning struck the home of Prof. J. H. Williams in East Eighth street, severely shocked their young daughter and several other people in that neighborhood.

According to all reports the storm of this morning was far more severe than the one of yesterday morning. It swept a space several miles wide in the northern part of the county. The greatest damage was done near Mays and Carthage, where trees were torn down, barns and houses unroofed, window panes blown in and crops generally were destroyed. The southern part of the county escaped. A high wind prevailed there, but no damage was done. The rain was light and there was no electrical display.

The greatest damage was done by the wind as no strikes by lightning have been reported from correspondents. The fruit crop was more badly damaged than any other one of the crops. In the vicinity of Occident and Mays, it is said that many fruit trees were uprooted and blown down. Young fruit that is well developed was blown off the trees and in many cases large limbs were wrenched off. The damage to the wheat was also considerable as much of it was blown in the fields. Young corn was blown down and in many cases whole fields were laid flat.

It was impossible to communicate with towns in the northern part of the county as most of the telephone lines were down. It was with the greatest difficulty that the rural mail carriers made their way over the northern part of the county. They were compelled to detour around other roads and through woods to avoid fallen trees and telephone lines across the roads.

Local people who were awakened by the storm early this morning say that a gray and yellow pallor flooded everything. The storm could be heard approaching from the west. The crashing of trees could be heard and the distant rumbling of thunder. A large cedar tree in Warder Wyatt's yard at the corner of Third and Perkins street fell on to the house and damaged it to some extent. Limbs off of trees in Raymond Hargrove's yard fell on the J. M. & I. tracks which pass through the city. Many beautiful shade trees in the city were blown over.

According to reports here the storm extending up through Wayne and Henry counties. Passengers arriving here over the Pennsylvania

said that the trains on that road were compelled to stop while going through Wayne county near Bentonville on account of fallen trees across the track. The southbound Big Four train from Carthage this morning was compelled to stop to cut overhanging limbs so that the passage of trains later in the day would not be impeded.

Center township seemed to suffer most from the damaging storm. Newton Jones in that township had a beautiful and valuable orchard of two hundred trees, seventy-five of which were blown down and demolished. The loss of fruit will amount to many dollars. Henry Schrader's orchard, which was one of the finest in the township, was practically demolished.

The roof of the barn on the Mac Oppel farm in Center township was blown off and hurled against the house which was several rods distant. A large hole was torn in the house and the members of the family were badly shocked.

George McBride's wind pump in Center township was blown over and many beautiful shade trees in the yard in front of his home were blown over. A wind pump on the James Reddick farm in the same township was blown over and ruined. There was only one shade tree standing out of the beautiful grove which stood in front of Willard Reeves' yard in the

*Continued on page eight*

### MANILLA MAN IN COURT

Joe Brown Pays Fine For Running Into Buggy.

Commodore Westerfield, well known here, and Joseph Brown, both living in the vicinity of Manilla, were in a justice of the peace's court in Shelbyville yesterday as the result of an accident which happened near Manilla the other day. It seems that Brown drove his automobile into Westerfield's buggy and Westerfield preferred charges of assault and battery against Brown. Brown pleaded guilty and paid a fine of \$11.40.

## WHITE HORSES CLOSE AFTER AUBURN HAIR

Girl With Sunset Locks Appears on Streets and Milk Colored Animals Follow.

### THE CROWD IS SUPERSTITIOUS

Local men are not inclined to be superstitious, but there was a crowd at the corner of Main and Second streets last evening that was more or less led to believe that there is something in the old adages that have passed down from past generations. It's an old axiom that whenever a red-haired girl is seen, white horses are sure to appear in bunches.

It happened that a girl with hair of the fiery red brand passed this crowd of men last evening. One of them remarked that white horses would be in order. The words had no more than been uttered until a white horse appeared. They came up every street and the men in the crowd are willing to take oath that twenty horses were within their range of vision in the next twenty minutes.

They saw one man riding a white horse they saw white horses hitched to every conceivable kind of vehicles.

## BLOOD OOZES FROM GROUND

Peculiar Phenomena of the Earth is Found Near Home on Rush-Shelby Line.

### MAY BE SEEN AFTER A RAIN

Comes From Ground in Large Quantities and Trickles Down Hill.

No Explanation.

One of the most unusual and mystifying sights ever witnessed is to be found at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Arnold, one mile north of St. Paul, which is a point near the junction of Rush, Shelby and Decatur counties. The Greensburg Democrat says of it:

It is a substance that comes from the ground that looks like blood. What it is or what causes it remains to be explained. The spot where the "blood" oozes from old mother earth is about two feet in diameter and lies at the northeast corner of the Arnold home within about two feet of the house.

In an interview with Mr. Arnold at his home Saturday afternoon he said that the substance, whatever it is, has been doing the stunt ever since 1876 when he erected the residence. He said that he had never given the matter any attention and had never as much as attempted to find out what caused the phenomena. The "blood" oozes from the earth after every rain or following a heavy dew. It comes from the ground in such quantities as to cause it to trickle down the sloping lawn in tiny streams. However, soon after it emerges from the soil the substance seems to make a chemical change and becomes of a dark color much the same as human blood does upon beginning to become dry. There is no smell to the stuff, but it is a little sticky.

Below the crust of soil nothing is to be found that would indicate from whence the substance comes. The earth looks the same as other soil in the same vicinity. The place where the "blood" emerges from the ground is entirely devoid of grass and at the present time is entirely covered with the substance. It looks similar to a spot where a hog has been stuck or some dark crime had been committed.

Mr. Arnold stated that many visitors had been to his home since the spot first became evident, but none of them thus far had ever attempted to solve the mystery. It is one of the most mystifying and weird looking scenes ever witnessed on a rainy day and would pay skeptics to visit the Arnold home, if for no other reason than to satisfy their own minds.

Many persons are prone to believe that it is the workings of different gases below, but whether this is a fact or not can not be stated at the present time. A chunk of the soil has been secured and will be forwarded to the State geologist for an examination.

### \$5,000 FIRE LOSS.

The Knightstown lumber company sustained a rather heavy loss at 1 o'clock Sunday morning. The origin of the blaze is mysterious. The fire had gained considerable headway when it was discovered. Several sheds and considerable lumber were destroyed. The loss was estimated at from \$4,000 to \$5,000. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

The production of American salt broke all records in 1909, reaching \$8,343,831, says the United States Geological Survey. It was produced in practically one-third of the states.

## TABERNACLE FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA

Directors Are Successful Bidders For Building Which Will be Moved to City Park.

### PAY \$300 FOR THE STRUCTURE

Will be Rebuilt so That it May be Used Permanently For Annual Assembly.

Rushville people are to have the pleasure of attending the chautauqua this year, rain or shine, cold or hot, or under any other conditions that the fluctuating weather man may see fit to provide, under a roof that will turn off the hardest rains and behind the protecting walls of a building which will keep out all kinds of disagreeable weather, including the hot sun. This was made certain when the announcement came this morning that the directors of the Rushville Chautauqua Association had been the successful bidders on the tabernacle where the revival has been in progress for the last two and one-half weeks.

The directors of the association wish it to be plainly understood that the chautauqua will be held this year on the same site where it has always been—the city park. It has been feared that a misunderstanding would go broadcast that the tabernacle would be left standing on the Mull lot where it now is, and that the annual event would take place there. But that will not be the case. The building will be torn down, removed to the city park and there rebuilt so that it will be permanent for chautauqua assemblies in the future.

The chautauqua association was able to get the large building for the small sum of three hundred dollars.

Their bids was the highest of the number that was made on the building. Sealed bids were received at Watson, Titsworth & Green's office this morning up until ten o'clock, after which they were opened by the members of the finance committee of the tabernacle association. There were several bids made, but that of the directors of the chautauqua was the highest. A few local contractors made estimates on the building.

As yet no plans have been made for moving the structure. Lincoln Guffin, president of the chautauqua association, said that it would probably be taken up in the near future as the time for the annual assembly is not far distant. Mr. Guffin said that it was probable that a special building committee would be appointed to take charge of the work and to see to the tearing down, hauling and erection of the building at the park. The opinion has been expressed that sealed bids will be received for the contract of moving the building.

Much favorable comment has been heard on the action of the directors of the chautauqua association since it has become known that the tabernacle would be moved to the city park to be used for the chautauqua. The association has long been seeking some method by which arrangements could be made to erect a permanent structure. Many of the programs in previous years have been spoiled by bad weather, when chautauquas have been held in a tent. This will do away with all fear of the usual interruption by bad weather. It is thought that the building will be rebuilt so that it will be as permanent as possible. It has also been said that it would probably be painted in order to preserve it.

### MARRIAGE LICENSE.

A marriage license was issued this afternoon to Ruby McDaniel and Byron Rutherford.

## SEES COMPANION DROWN

Morris Evans Watches Friend go Down in Flatrock.

Harry Wertz, nine years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Wertz of Flatrock, Shelby county, was drowned in Flat Rock yesterday afternoon shortly after three o'clock as his only companion, Morris Evans, 12 years old, stood by. As the Wertz boy sank, young Morris realized that his friend was drowning and started to the town of Flatrock to get assistance. The boy's body was recovered in twenty minutes.

## TAKES BRIDE FOR THE EIGHTH TIME

"Kid" McCoy Marries Woman Who Is Reputed to be an Heiress of New York State.

### DIVORCED FROM ONE 3 TIMES

Norman Selby, commonly known to the sporting world as "Kid" McCoy, who was born and reared in Rush county near Moscow, has again taken a step that leads him into matrimonial venture. It is his eighth venture and by this time he should be thoroughly acquainted with the ground. According to a New York dispatch Mrs. Selby No. 8 is an heiress from the northern part of New York State. The former ring champion has married five women during his career, one of them three times. He was divorced six months ago by his seventh wife. It will be remembered that Selby created somewhat of a stir in Indianapolis previous to the Memorial Day race at the speedway. Selby has relatives in this county as well as in Decatur county.

## JULY WILL BE A SWELTERING MONTH

The Rev. Ira Hicks Says High Temperature and Electrical Storms Will Predominate.

### THUNDER STORMS ON FOURTH

Concerning July weather, Rev. Ira Hicks says: "By the 2d expect very marked rise in temperature and vicious electrical storms in western States. During the 3d and 4th these storms will pass eastwardly over the country, preceded by excessive warmth. In eastern parts of the country, a hot wave and Fourth of July thunder storms should not surprise the people."

"A regular storm period covers the 6th to the 10th, with probability of being prolonged over the 11th. A possible reaction to fair and cooler may come on and touch the 10th and 11th. Storm and high temperature will continue the rest of the month."

### ATTENDS MEETING.

County Superintendent C. M. George went to Indianapolis this morning to attend the sixty-first annual meeting of the Indiana County Superintendents' Association, which convened this afternoon in the State House. At this meeting the first step toward the improvement of the use of English throughout the State will be started.

## CARL MORRIS SINGS FRIDAY

Former Local Young Man is on Program at Indiana Music Teachers' State Convention.

### BEGINS AT SHELBYVILLE TODAY

J. Riley Small, Once of Rushville, is Official Accompanist at the Meeting.

Additional local interest is added to the annual convention of the Indiana Music Teachers Association which convened in Shelbyville this afternoon due to the fact that two former Rushville young men will appear on the program during the three days' convention. J. Riley Small, pianist, and Carl Morris, baritone, both of whom have gained renown in their respective professions, will appear there.

The sudden rise of Carl Morris in the music world is well known to Rushville and Rush county people. He has gained success in his work in New York and is coming to be recognized as one of the prominent soloists of the eastern metropolis. He now holds a choir position in one of the most aristocratic churches in New York City.

Mr. Morris will take this opportunity to visit home folks in this vicinity. Last year he obtained an engagement at the chautauqua here, where he pleased two large audiences, in order to come back home for a visit during the summer months. He may sing at the chautauqua again this year.

Mr. Morris will sing two groups of songs at the convention in Shelbyville Friday evening when the closing program will be given. It is thought that several Rushville people will attend at that time. Mr. Morris will play his own accompaniments which have characterized his recitals in the East as decidedly artistic.

J. Riley Small, who was here for a number of years, is the official accompanist for the programs during the convention. He was chosen on account of his versatility and his ability to read most any sort of music at sight.

## POLICE HOLD AFFIDAVITS

No More Arrests in Connection With Crap Game.

The police have made no more arrests in connection with the crap game of Saturday night and the men who are wanted have not been found. At least one, and perhaps two affidavits are still out charging the men with gaming and it is known that one man left the city Sunday. The police will hold the affidavits and take a chance on their returning. Robert Whallon, who pleaded not guilty yesterday will be tried tomorrow afternoon.

### WRONG INTERPRETATION.

The story to the effect that the worthless check passed at the Court House grocery store was endorsed by Russell Wikoff is a mistake. It was thought that the check was written, endorsed and signed by the boy, whose father paid the money. The name of Russell Wikoff was used by the forger in endorsing the paper.

The Chinese government is planning to extend its merchant fleet of Chinese steamers of modern build in the immediate future to the extent of thirty fast steamships.



## End Bowel Misery With a 'Cascaret'

Never any Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion, or Constipation—No More Miserable Days After This.

This is the day of the gentle in medicine. The cathartic pill is old-fashioned. Salts and castor oil belong to grandmother's time. The modern doctor deals mildly. Cascarets are effective, yet gentle. They don't irritate or gripe. They don't, like cathartics, waste the digestive fluids.

Cascarets do only what some foods will do, what some fruit will do, what exercise does for the bowels. Their action is natural, not artificial. If you live outdoors, exercise a great deal, and avoid rich foods, you don't need them. Otherwise you do.

The most helpful laxative ever devised is Cascarets. They are candy tablets, pleasant to take. Then, they are convenient. The ten-cent box fits the vest pocket or the lady's purse. That is a vital point. The time to take a laxative is the minute you suspect that you need it. Don't wait till you get home; don't wait till night. One Cascaret, taken any time, makes you feel great and they cost only 10c per box.

## Eczema Stopped for 10 Cents

When you get tired of wasting dollars on high priced alcohol preparations buy a 10 cent box of Plex, "the quick-healing salve." It will open your eyes. Two or three applications produce wonderful results, in eczema, Cuban itch, dandruff or any other skin trouble. For a quick cure try Plex.

Plex is a wonder-working, penetrating ointment. It destroys germs, cleans and heals quicker than anything else you ever heard of. Has a hundred uses in every home.

One application cures itching piles. Repairs sores, stiff muscles like magic. Cures croup and sore throat. Splendid for catarrh. Has no equal for sore, aching, sweaty feet. Best thing known for cuts, etc.

A big box of Plex costs only 10 cents, but it's worth its weight in gold. Your druggist has it or can easily get it for you.

## COUNTY NEWS

### Carthage.

Chas. Gear of Marian was here over Sunday.

Miss Elsie Jones of Connersville is visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Rawls.

Miss Ruby Rainey of Rushville is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Leisure.

Mrs. Harvey Catt entertained Monday afternoon in honor of her birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Newlin will return from Atlantic City this week.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Johnson Monday.

Rupert Stanley was the guest of Friends at Connersville the latter part of last week.

Little Miss Helen Culbertson of Indianapolis is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. McCorkle.

Rev. and Mrs. C. O. Whitley and family were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morris Monday.

Mrs. John Johnson who has been on the sicklist for the past week is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Hood were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oak Morrison of Greenfield Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Taylor have moved to the A. W. Newsom property in Main street.

Rupert Stanley preached at the Friends Church Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reddick spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Justin Amos of Rushville and attended the Orr meeting.

Mrs. George Nardloah and little daughter of Reading, Ohio, is visiting her mother Mrs. John Duncan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Anderson were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wal-

## A Real Treasure Box



### Glenwood.

Miss Jennings of Chicago occupied the pulpit at the M. E. church in the absence of the pastor, the Rev. C. S. Black. Miss Jennings is a returned Missionary from China and spoke of China in a very interesting manner for one hour. She said that the moral standard among the higher class was very high. Their ideals were pure and noble; but they lacked Christ. The mothers went out with their daughters and the fathers went out with their sons, she said. She made the statement that rarely did a boy or girl go wrong in China. She spoke of

the method of the Chinese have the counteracting the opium habit. They commence with the high officials and say to them they must not use it or off goes their official head. Many of them die in the attempt but they make the effort.

There were no preaching services at the United Presbyterian church on Sabbath afternoon as Dr. Jamieson was needed at Rushville during the Union services there in the Tabernacle.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Brooks on the Nash farm east of here an 8½ pound boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Winchell of Orange were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Perry Meek one day last week.

## Stop That Torturing HEADACHE

A headache is irritating, nerve-racking and therefore weakening. Worst of all there's a cause—an organic disorder that you must not neglect. Don't continue to suffer—don't drift into serious ailments—get a package of Caparine today.



stops the worst headache almost instantly and then relieves and cures the condition that produced it. Colds, constipation, biliousness and grip yield quickly to this remarkable preparation. Caparine is a tonic and stimulant and a gentle laxative. Be prepared for the next headache—get a package today. At all druggists—10c and 25c. DeKalb Drug & Chemical Company, Ltd., DeKalb, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Kirkpatrick are entertaining visitors this week.

On Sabbath evening at 7:30 o'clock Rev. C. S. Black will preach the first sermon of the series on popular amusements. The subject will be "Is Dancing Wrong?" Special music for the service. Everyone is cordially invited to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Matney of near Laurel passed through here on a tour of pleasure with his auto.

Thos. Reed transacted business on Saturday evening in Connersville.

Otto Cameron has purchased the Glenwood Hotel and will take possession about the first of August.

### A Leading California Druggist.

Pasadena, Cal., March 9, 1911.

Foley and Co., Gentlemen:—We have sold and recommended Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for years.

We believe it to be one of the most efficient expectorants on the market. Containing no opiates or narcotics it can be given freely to children. Enough of the remedy can be taken to relieve a cold, as it has no nauseating results, and does not interfere with digestion. Yours very truly, C. H. Ward Drug Co., C. L. Parsons,

"See'y and Treas." Get the original Foley's Honey and Tar Compound in yellow package. F. B. Johnson & Co.

### Foley's Kidney Remedy

Is particularly recommended for chronic cases of kidney and bladder trouble. It tends to regulate and control the kidney and bladder action and is healing, strengthening and bracing. For sale by F. B. Johnson & Co.

F. S. Rexford, 615 New Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., says: "I had a severe attack of a cold which settled in my back and kidneys and I was in great pain from my trouble. A friend recommended Foley Kidney Pills and I used two bottles of them and they have done me a world of good." F. B. Johnson & Co.

Smoke FAIR PROMISE 5c Cigars.

### THRIFT.

Thrift is a composite quality. It embraces within itself nearly all of the great virtues.

It involves industry, prudence, forethought, self-denial.

It certainly has no relation to negligence or meanness.

Some men would let their grandmothers starve for the sake of a few dollars. Such action cannot be called thrifty. A virtue carried to excess becomes a vice and is no longer a virtue.

Thrifty that does not take into partnership honesty of character develops into covetousness and avarice.

Thrifty is the opposite of thriftlessness, prodigality, improvidence and waste.

Thrifty means better homes and better food, more comfort and enjoyment, less waste and less anxiety.

It is possible that a large proportion of people have earnings so small that savings seems impossible. But this is no reason for their being unthrifty. On the contrary, it is reason for making the best and the most of the little they have for their health, comfort and true happiness.

A few dollars in a home, or a savings bank, or any safe investment, is as good seed as ever was sown.

Out of it grow confidence, quicken energies, firmer courage, more stalwart thought and hope, more orderly citizenship, education for the children and the independence and self-respect that lift aimless, hopeless drudges up to the true manhood that aspires and achieves.

### RED CROSS BALL BLUE

Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Smoke FAIR PROMISE 5c Cigars.

The Japanese have opened hundreds of shops in the open ports of China for the sale of hardware, cheap perfumery, cosmetics, etc.

## KISS YOUR MINSTREL BOY GOOD-BYE

Sung in GEORGE EVANS'

## "Honey Boy Minstrels"

As presented by COHAN & HARRIS at the

CITY THEATRE, New York

Music by JEAN SCHWARTZ

Words by WILLIAM JEROME

Moderato.

1. No use griev - ing dear, 'cause I'm leav - ing dear, No use wor - ry - ing so;  
2. Day and night to you, will I write to you, Don't you wor - ry, my dear;

Stop that cry - ing dear, no use sigh - ing dear, Trunks all read - y to go.  
When a - lone from you I will 'phone to you Words of hon - ey and cheer.

Come, my lit - tle Queen, see that tam - bourine, Jin - gies shin - ing bright.  
Sea - son o - ver, love, right in clo - ver, love, You and I, sweet gal.

Just im - ag - ine me, star of min - strely, My lit - tle hearts de - light.  
Do I care for you? in the air for you! My lit - tle grand old pal.

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CATALOGUE OF HITS FREE FOR THE ASKING

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No. 240.

### CHORUS.

Kiss your min-strel boy good bye..... babe, bye..... babe, my.....  
babe, Some day we'll be living high..... babe, hap - py times are com-ing bye and  
bye..... For the Pull-man I must fly..... babe, fly.....  
babe, f... b... Be a good lit - tle girl and a nice one too, Un - til your min-strel king comes  
back to you, Just kiss your min-strel boy good bye.....  
Kiss Your Minstrel Boy Good-Bye

No. 240.

## THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

Published Daily except Sunday by  
THE REPUBLICAN COMPANY,  
Office: Northwest Corner of Second and  
Perkins Streets,  
RUSHVILLE, INDIANA.  
Entered at the Rushville, Ind., Postoffice  
as Second-class Matter.

Tuesday, June 27, 1911.

THIS PAPER REPRESENTED FOR FOREIGN  
ADVERTISING BY THE

**AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION**  
GENERAL OFFICES  
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO  
BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

## OBITUARIES.

The Republican will have to make a charge of one-third of a cent a word for ALL obituaries on account of the high cost of composition. Count all the words and send the cash with the obituary when mailing or same will not receive attention.

Hiram Maxim has invented a noiseless cannon, but it will never be popular for Fourth of July celebrations.

The court held up the decree dissolving the powder trust, until they felt sure the small boys had their supply of July 4th torpedoes.

The fat men are in convention in Boston, and let us hope that bridges, railroad trestles, and steamship wharves, have been carefully inspected.

The president talked to 100,000 people at Providence, R. I., almost as many as would have turned out to see a Newport divorcee go by with her lap dog.

One of the biggest chairs on record has been made for President Taft. We offer no opinion as to whether it stands the strain, until they tell us whether it is built on the suspension or the cantilever principle.

Cities all over the United States are taking up with the municipal playground idea and everywhere it has been found to be entirely successful. Rushville in order to be abreast of the times will sooner or later be confronted with the same question. The Marion Chronicle says concerning the playground in other cities.

The Federated Charities of Marion has taken a long step in progressive civic development in advocating a municipal playground for children of the city. The need has long been felt. Civic pride should meet the emergency and support the movement.

Cities that maintain municipal playgrounds find the small investment well spent. No instance has been recorded where such a breathing spot for little ones has been a failure. Everywhere the plan has been tried citizens point with pride to the playground.

Kokomo has a playground in the city park. Hundreds of children gather there daily and in the bright sunshine and open air attain that rosy blush of cheek and coat of tan that indicates perfect health. Kokomo pays a matron to look after the smaller ones, and parents feel perfectly secure in permitting their children to take advantage of the public grounds.

Cities in all States are taking up the public playground. Available sites within easy distance are favored and in many instances the city donates the grounds, installs swings, slides and other amusements and pays protectors of the little folk and property. The expense is not large, and the benefits incalculable. Especially are such playgrounds a Godsend to the poor. Little ones who otherwise seldom would find shade or greensward have available amusement devices that afford them the opportunity of developing body and mind, for companionship of other children is just as necessary as physical exercise in proper development of the child.

A public playground for Marion, if it ever so modest in its equipment, would be only a fitting demonstration of interest in the rising generation. The project would be for the benefit not of a few, but of the entire population.

Surely the all-wise editor of the Indianapolis Sun has put the key in the wrong hole when he attempted to explain to George Lockwood of the Marion Chronicle that he did not know whereof he spoke. Several days ago a long editorial appeared in the Marion Chronicle in which Governor Marshall was criticized for pardoning so many prisoners and especially Joe Roach of Terre Haute who was committed to the penitentiary for killing a boy in an argument over five dollars. The Marion Chronicle averred that the political gang at Terre Haute was instrumental in bringing about the pardon and wondered why the governor should be influenced by them. The Indianapolis Sun devoted four columns in answering Mr. Lockwood, explaining that the murderer was not responsible for what he did because he was under the influence of absinthe and morphine and too, it was stated, he came from the "upper" strata of society and showed a tendency for the law. He was pardoned to practice the law. This week the Chronicle replied to the Sun in characteristic and vigorous style in part as follows:

For the benefit of its seven readers of the city of Marion the Indianapolis Sun uses up four columns of its space demonstrating that the Sun editor is more like Joe Roach, the Terre Haute gambler housekeeper, who plead guilty of premeditated, cold blooded murder of one of the victims of his dives, and was turned loose because of his family connections and powerful backers by the governor of the state to practice law in Terre Haute in full possession of the good moral character required by the constitution of the state, than is the editor of the Chronicle. The Sun need not have used up so much language demonstrating its affinity with this sordid slayer who gets out of jail quicker than many a man accused of no greater crime than that of stealing a horse because, forsooth, he came from a high social stratum, was intelligent enough to observe the prison rules, read a better class of books than other inmates of the penitentiary and, better than all this, possessed a political and social pull. \* \* \* Joe Roach is, of course, not so much to blame as the political system at Terre Haute and elsewhere which is based on license to lawlessness, and the journalistic soldiers of fortune who are the camp followers of the system. But it is hypocritical for the politicians and journalists who help create and maintain such conditions to picture themselves as Good Samaritans when they let out of the penitentiary such of the victims they have forced in as powerful friends and relatives. The real humanitarians are those who fight this system—not those we fight nuts.

## EDITORIALETTES.

Now that the revival is no longer occupying your time you may devote a little attention to swatting the fly.

Mapped out your Fourth of July trip yet?

We know some people who are planning to take a trip out to the beautiful groves surrounding and gambol on the green.

Of course those words, "gambol" and "green" are to be taken literally. Wouldn't have you think that we accused anyone of gambling on a green-covered table.

Barring craps, they say there is no game like gamboing on the green.

Reciprocally speaking (we didn't hear anybody but that makes no difference) just what is the American farmer goin' to return for the Canadian thistle?

Tis said that there are few men who will admit that they can't swim, which leads us to believe that they are all "pikers."

Some low-brow punster has said that the queen's train was so long they had to ship it in sections.

"At a June wedding in Kokomo," observes the Frankfort Crescent, "the bride weighed in at 200 pounds and the groom tipped the beams at 230. Dainty refreshments were served."

## The Rising Generation

(By a local member.)

Much has been said during the last few months concerning the rising generation. It has been discussed in numerous periodicals, and newspapers throughout the country. The impetus for these discussions is to be found in three articles that have appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly." Mrs. Cornelia A. P. Comer, a graduate of Vassar, contributor of the Atlantic, and a resident of Portland, Oregon, wrote an essay entitled "The Rising Generation," in which, she severely criticised the men and women of tomorrow. Mrs. Anne Hard, a recent graduate of Wisconsin University, and the wife of a Chicago newspaper man, replied with "The Younger Generation, an Apologia," in which she endeavored to vindicate our young women. The third article of the series was from the pen of Randolph Bourne, a sophomore in Columbia University, which he titled "The Two Generations." To the minds of many young people, this defense and explanation, by Mr. Bourne, depicted the situation, more as it really is, than either of the other two. Louis Howland, editor of the Indianapolis News, devoted a recent "Case and Comment" to "The Rising Generation" in a most admirable manner. It is not the purpose or the intent of this composition to apply all that has been said for that would involve a titanic task, but merely to speak of the rising generation, from the viewpoint of one who is a member of it, as far as religion, morals, education, and success in worldly life is believed to permeate it.

Generations, like centuries, bear similar characteristics, but yet are likely separated. The very theory of physical, religious, and moral evolution demands a perpetual change in environment and ones self, and this necessitated us from being different from our fathers and mothers. The spirit of education is to erase old ideals, and create new ones, and to express it as Governor Woodrow Wilson expressed it in his recent political speech in Indianapolis: "I understand the business of the university to be to make young gentlemen just as undifferent from their fathers as possible. I understand it to be to regeneralize the generation; to take them away from the prejudice of their fathers and lay before them anew the map of life which men had traveled generation through generation, making their own fortunes unassisted by previous generations, except in so far as the experience of previous generations had afforded them a standard of conduct; so that each generation might look afresh upon the fortunes of mankind and know that the work was as an unending work of lifting men from level to level of new achievement and of fresh discovery." With conditions such as these both natural and artificial—confronting us, can our fathers expect us to be the same men as they are?

Perhaps the greatest source of criticism is to be found in our religious attitude and lack of ascetic qualities. Every individual has a different case, so it is exceedingly difficult to deduce the general attitude. But, I believe that there are very few, if any, members of the rising generation, who fail to realize the part religion has played in the history of the world, and the good that it has accomplished. However, I believe that we are tending to make it more of a personal thing than a public thing, and I further believe that we are becoming a great deal more altruistic. I know we do not attend church nearly so much as most of our fathers and mothers did when young, and if we don't and still maintain a religious attitude there must be some reasons. I have been told that church took the place of our theater and other amusement places for courting and social purposes in earlier days, but how much truth there is in that I do not know. But I sincerely believe that the rising generation has been educated to abhor dogmatism, narrow mindedness and hypocrisy. We believe that all three of these exist in the church today to a certain degree, and just as soon as these are eliminated, and a creed plastic enough to meet the times is adopted, and a true American attitude is taken, just that soon will the church come nearer meeting the demands of the rising generation. And just as sure as democracy has tri-

umphed over monarchy, just that sure will prastieness triumph over dogmatism.

The ancient Greeks believed that excess was the sin of all things. This has been incorporated in our moral creed, to a certain degree. However, we think a taste of somethings is immoral, and that excess is immoral. We realize that the perfect state of man has not been reached, and that, therefore, we must countenance a certain amount of immorality and sin in everybody, and believe with Browning, that moral strife leads to a more perfect understanding and a higher and purer knowledge. We believe that if we succeed in making just as much of a moral success as our fathers have—or a little more—and that if we serve as an impetus to our children to make just a little more than we have, that our life has not been a moral failure, and that we have aided the moral, religious, and physical evolution of the world, at least to a certain degree.

The educational tendency during the last few decades has been a turning from the arts to science. For hundreds and hundreds of years the arts have held nearly supreme sway.

While most of us are specializing in science, we realize that the arts and science should go arm in arm, hand in hand, and that in time they will. The arts symbolical of the ideal and the theoretical, and science symbolical of the practical, are both necessities. And, like labor and capital, one cannot exist without the other. We realize that since the arts have had the performance for so long a time, that it is in a way just, that science shall have her turn, but we sincerely believe that the education of a true balancing nature, will some time in the future, become prevalent.

Will we be successful in life? That surely is crucial question. It has been more or less the custom to measure success from a pecuniary viewpoint, but we will join with Henry Waterson in saying that success in life is measured—or ought to be measured—by happiness. If happiness is to constitute the measure, I believe we will be successful, for we know how to be happy, and to that does all education tend. We grant that worldly success is, and always will be, measured by morality, honor, and money. If these are the measures of worldly success, I take it that the greatest success—at least in the eyes of the world—is the success that combines all three. It would be irrational to say that every member of the rising generation will attain this consummate success, but yet I believe that there are few, if any, of us, who will not be successful, in at least one of the three measures, by which the world measures success; and it seems that nearly all of us will be successful from the personal viewpoint—that of happiness.

If all of this is true, I see no reason for an outburst of pessimism or criticism. Yet it comes. We are inherently optimists at this stage of life especially, and we can see no reason for pessimism. The pessimist permeates no cheer, nor does he brighten the world. Yet, he may serve as a balance, but to me he is ever on the left, and the optimist ever on the right. Our final word is: we are not you, or are you us; you cannot understand us, nor can we you; you are the product of the last era, and we of this era; you are the maker of this age, we of the age of tomorrow; you have been successful, we hope we will be; you have your ideals, we have ours; we will heed your criticism, but difference in environment and self keep us from accepting it wholly, and from being able to apply it fully. We hope our children owe as much to us as we owe to you, and if they do, there is no need for fear concerning us.

It is estimated that in seven thousand years the food supply of this country will run short, if we are not careful. For the love of posterity we promise to sacrifice ourselves.—Toledo Blade.

## LIKES OILED STREETS.

Mayor George M. Barnard was in Richmond recently for the purpose of inspecting the oiled streets in that city, says the New Castle Courier. The city's executive was more than pleased with the results obtained by the oiling system used there and believes that it can be successfully utilized in this city. He found several prominent Richmond thoroughfares dustless as the result of the use of oil.

Smoke FAIR PROMISE 5c Cigars.

WOMEN'S HATS  
TO BE SMALLER

National Millinery Men in Indiana-  
polis Made Prognostication on  
Winter Styles.

## PRICE MAY NOT BE SMALLER

Traveling Men do Not Wish to Take  
Any Chances on Hats Staying  
Small.

Women's hats will be smaller in size, if not in price, next winter, says the Indianapolis News. At least all indications point that way, is the cheering news given out by delegates attending the Millinery Traveling Men's National Association convention, which opened Monday at the Denison hotel for a three-day session.

However, the traveling men do not wish to take any chances on hats staying small for they adopted a resolution protesting against a proposal of the railway companies to limit the height of trunks to between forty and forty-five inches. A trunk forty-five inches high would not hold very many big hats.

Two welcomes to Indianapolis were extended to the millinery salesmen at their opening session. Charles A. Bookwalter gave the first one. It did not look as if Mayor Shank was going to "show up," but later appeared with a huge key, which he said would admit the delegates to anything in Indianapolis.

"The worst robbers in the business are the millinery men," said Mayor Shank, laughing. "I found that out when I got married and had to pay \$25 or \$30 for a little bit of straw that didn't look like it was worth \$2. That shows you are live ones, and I'm afraid an auctioneer like myself can't give you much instruction. While here you can do anything but commit murder. I guess we'd have to arrest you for that. I'm sorry I couldn't get over here sooner, but I had a pressing engagement with some fellows who were looking after political jobs. You are welcome to the city, and if you can't find everything you want, come to the mayor's office and we'll try to show you."

The association has a membership of seven hundred and is composed of fourteen posts in the middle western States. The convention opened with an attendance of about two hundred and fifty delegates. St. Louis and Louisville were each represented with fourteen delegates and Chicago followed with eleven. All the fifty-five millinery salesmen from Indiana were present.

## FROM THE SUBURBS.

And So do We.

This is King George's busy week, and in his calm, unemotional, phlegmatic, English way, he wishes fit were over.—Chicago Tribune.

## And Cucumbers.

"It is estimated that in seven thousand years the food supply of this country will run short, if we are not careful." For the love of posterity we promise to sacrifice ourselves.—Toledo Blade.

## Or a Skillet.

Col. Roosevelt has come out strongly for the suffragettes. Anything resembling the throwing of a brick appeals to the colonel.—Grand Rapids Press.

## Hush!

We are also curious to know where people spent their evenings before the moving picture show was promulgated.—Topeka Capital.

## No, He's the Goat.

Occasionally a picture of King George is shown whose facial expression resembles that of a candidate for initiation.—Washington Star.

## It's La Follette's Fault.

Things continue to happen just as though we still had the comet to blame them on.—St. Louis Times.

## Expensive Disease.

Horses in various parts of the country are dying of a strange "walking disease." We now know how it happened we lost that \$4 at Pimlico.—Washington Post.

## WHISTLER COMES BACK.

(Columbus Republican.)

E. C. Ball of Indianapolis, who is known in Columbus as the "whistling book agent," has arrived here with his wife and son, Arch. He is still in the same business, but requested that as little be said about this as possible for fear a free advertisement might be given him. Mr. Ball had been urged to be in London to represent the United States at the coronation of King George and Queen Mary. However, he declared he would much prefer to be in Columbus and came here instead. Incidentally it might be mentioned that Mr. Ball is whistling the same tune. \*

## A Great Crowd

Attended the Phenomenal Spiegel's Lecture and Entertainment Last Night.

Has Made Headquarters at 220 Perkins Street.

Last night a large crowd attended the free show and lecture at the corner of the court house square to welcome the king of advertisers. His lecture was of an original nature, well delivered and attentively listened to by the large audience. The entertainment was an unusually good production, appreciated by the audience, in fact, there is nothing to disappoint any one present. The beaver gave a remarkable exhibition by cutting a stick in two with his teeth. The same will be repeated tonight. There is no doubt of the ability of this young orator, demonstrator and advertiser. The remarks heard on the streets today were of praising nature, and no doubt he will leave the city with hundreds of friends.

After his lecture was concluded he extended an invitation to anyone suffering with any ache or pain, stiff or swollen joint, deafness, rheumatism, sprains and bruises, to step upon the platform, and he would demonstrate, free of charge, the merits of his wonderful discovery. A gentleman, whose name could not be learned, responded, suffering with a corn. Phenomenal Spiegel said it was not necessary to remove the shoe. Before performing this feat, the audience had its doubts, but upon applying the Beaver Liniment, inside of five minutes this great man stopped the corn and made the gentleman stamp his foot hard, with the result that the gentleman addressed the large crowd and said the soreness was all removed.

Now it is actually believed, if this medicine is powerful enough to penetrate the shoe and remove the pain, it ought to be the proper medicine to use for rheumatism, neuralgia, backache, sprains and bruises. For each of the diseases this gentleman guarantees a cure or money refunded.

This gentleman wishes to announce for the sake of those who have any doubts as to his ability to cure and baffle with disease, he desires those who suffer with all diseases, blood, liver and kidney disorders, rheumatism, stiff joints, deafness and paralytic strokes a chance to see him at his office, 220 Perkins street, north of Second street, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Consultation free. This liberal offer should not be overlooked for this gentleman possesses a wide reputation.

This gentleman seems to inherit the noble mind and mentality his father bore in the western country and now bears in New York State and surrounding States, for the great cures he has effected through his general remedies. A conversation with this young man will convince you that he is not making any idle boast when he claims he can cure you. He has a remedy for each disease. Do not fail to see his Beavers and Bull Dog "Tige" perform nightly. The show will start promptly at 7:30 p. m.

# The Nu Bone Corset

Before Buying a Corset See the Nu Bone

The one perfect corset. Boning guaranteed not to rust or break in corset wear. All up-to-date styles.

Prices Reasonable

On Display at

Miss Stewart's Dressmaking Rooms

229 Morgan St.

Upstairs

Phone No. 1216

## Coming and Going

—George Reeve visited in Indianapolis today.

—John Spurrier was a visitor in Indianapolis today.

—Joe Dickman and daughter Axene visited in Indianapolis today.

—Howard Johnson returned to Indianapolis this morning after a visit here.

—Mrs. L. L. Allen of Atlanta, Georgia, is visiting relatives and friends in this city.

—Earl Robertson and Scott Conde returned last night from an extended visit in Bridgeport, Ill.

—Mrs. G. E. Greer of Greenfield came yesterday for a few days' visit with Rushville relatives.

—Miss Minnie Boyl returned to her home in Greensburg after an extended visit with her brother, Robert Boyle and wife in East Second street.

—John Knecht was a visitor in Indianapolis today.

—Dr. J. G. Lewis spent the day in Indianapolis.

—James E. Watson transacted business in Indianapolis today.

—Miss Estella Jones has returned from a visit at French Lick and Bedford.

—Mr. and Mrs. Leo Cahn have returned to their home in New Castle after a visit in this city.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles VanCamp of Indianapolis are the guests of Mrs. Anna Cox and family.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Newlin of Carthage are expected home from a summer outing at Atlantic City.

—Mrs. Ora Wilson of Lexington, Ky., who has been visiting here, will go to Greensburg for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Sam Bonner.

—Charles Frazee spent the day in Indianapolis.

—Charles Caldwell visited in Indianapolis today.

—Thomas Logan of near New Salem visited here today.

—Alva Newhouse transacted business in Indianapolis today.

—Mrs. George Schrader was a visitor in Indianapolis today.

—Roy H. Jones transacted business in Greensburg yesterday.

—Clarence Shinn has returned to New Castle after a brief visit here.

—Miss Nellie Muire returned last evening from a three weeks' stay in Marion.

—Mrs. Hallie Readle and son, Hayes Obern spent Sunday in Cincinnati.

—Miss Irene Kinder of Bridgeport, Ky., is visiting relatives in this county.

—Mrs. George Nordloh and daughter of Reading, O., are visiting relatives in the county.

—B. W. Riley went to Chicago this morning for an extended visit with his daughter, Mrs. Edward S. Crist.

—Columbus Republican: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marshall, who were married Thursday at Rushville, came here last evening.

—Connersville News: Mrs. J. M. Barrows was called to Falmouth, Ind., today, owing to the serious illness of her grandfather, Richard Jarrel.

—Mrs. Jennie Reeves of Columbus went to Knightstown yesterday for a visit with relatives. She will stop off here for a visit on her return home.

—Mr. and Mrs. Will O. Feudner arrived last night from a ten days' trip to New York City and Philadelphia, where they visited friends and relatives.

—Columbus Republican: Dr. and Mrs. W. M. Edwards of Knightstown are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Reeves during the opticians' convention.

—Paul A. Florian and Calhoun Florian of Dallas, Texas, and Ralph Poxar and Roy Williams of Indianapolis are the guests of Roy H. Jones and family in North Main street.

—Greensburg Democrat: Mrs. Freda Mack Smith, who has been in the Sexton hospital at Rushville, for the past week, returned to her home in Clarksburg Sunday. Mrs. Smith is greatly improved.

—New Castle Courier: Jethro W. Parker, who has been located at Cleveland, Ohio, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. B. S. Parker on Bundy avenue. He is enroute to Cincinnati, to accept a new position.

—Mrs. A. W. Jamieson, Mrs. Robert Innis and Miss Clara Applegate went to Bloomington today to attend the sessions of the Women's Missionary Society of the Indiana Presbytery.

—The Misses Rose and Leona Hassner of Lawrenceburg, who have been the guests of Miss Alice Winship since the opening of the Tri Kappa convention went to Connersville this morning for an extended visit before returning home.

## SOCIETY NEWS

Mrs. A. C. Sterns of Indianapolis has closed her Indianapolis home and together with her family has gone to Cedar Lake, Wisconsin, to spend the remainder of the summer. They have taken a cottage and will enjoy a summer outing on the lake. Mrs. Sterns is related to Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Riley.

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Concerning the wedding of a Carthage girl in Indianapolis yesterday, the Star says:

Miss Ida May Hendricks and Lewis Grover Shimer were married last evening at their home, 430 South Emerson avenue, Irvington. The Rev. Wesley S. Jordan pronounced the ceremony in the presence of the families.

The ceremony room was beautifully decorated with American beauty roses and masses of asparagus ferns. Marguerites and wild roses were effectively used in the reception hall and dining room. The bridal party entered to the strains of the "Mendelssohn Wedding March," played by Miss Mabel Wright, a cousin of the bride. The attendants were Miss May Peacock, maid of honor, Marcella Lineback, the little cousin of the bride, who carried the ring in a lily, and Henry L. Hendricks, a brother of the bride, best man. The bride was attired in a lingerie robe and carried a shower bouquet of sweet peas. Miss Peacock wore a lingerie dress and carried an armful of pink roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Shimer have gone on a short wedding journey and will be at home to their friends after July 15. Among the guests from away were Mrs. Henry L. Hendricks, mother of the bride, Mrs. J. Arthur Lineback and daughter, Marcella, of Carthage.

### LANDS GOOD JOB.

New Castle Courier: George E. Schmidt left Monday to accept a position as demonstrator for the Jerome H. Remic Music Publishing Co. of Detroit, and New York. His time will be about equally divided between the two cities, and he expects to improve the opportunity offered by the New York city schools to continue the study of music.

### WHEAT GRAIN SWINDLE.

A fight on swindlers who are selling wheat grains to farmers with the statements that they were obtained from the tombs of Egyptian mummies and of superior quality has been started in the department of agriculture, it was declared today, according to a Washington dispatch. A grain of wheat is dead after ten years, say department officials and of no use as seed after that time.

### MUST GIVE BOND.

Not long ago the Supreme court decided that where a county treasurer collected city as well as State and county taxes he must give bond as city treasurer. The case was decided on an appeal from Lafayette, where the city council passed an ordinance requiring the county treasurer to give a city bond. The Lafayette treasurer refused to give it and an appeal was taken.

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### TO PREVENT CHARIVARI.

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June weddings are becoming so numerous in Columbus and the old custom of giving newly married couples a charivari has been revived to such an extent that the police have been asked to take a hand. An old city ordinance—adopted in 1888—has been dug up which makes the charivari unlawful. It provides that it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to annoy newly married couples by the blowing of horns, the beating of pans, drums or other articles or the discharge of firearms or anvils. A fine of not more than \$10 is fixed to which may be added a jail sentence of not more than thirty days. The police have been instructed to enforce the ordinance.

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# KEITH OF THE BORDER

## A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By Randall Parrish

(Copyright, A. C. McClure & Co., 1910)

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### The Duel in the Desert.

Keith rode straight forward into the sandy desolation, spurring his horse into a swift trot. After one glance backward as they clambered up the steep bank, a glance which revealed Hawley's slender form in the cabin door, his eyes never turned again that way. He had a man's stern work to do out yonder, and his purpose could not be swerved, his firmness of hand and keenness of eye affected, by any thought of her. His lips compressed, his fingers gripping the rein, he drove all regretful memory from his mind, and every nerve within him throbbed in unison with his present purpose. He was right; he knew he was right. It was not hate, not even revenge, which had set him forth, leaving love behind, but honor—the honor of the South, and of the frontier, of his ancestry and his training—honor that drove him now to meet Hawley face to face, man to man, to settle the feud between them for all time. And he rode smiling, gladly, as to a tryst, now that he was at last alone, free in the desert.

The hours passed, the sun rising higher in the blazing blue of the sky; the horse, wearied by the constant pull of the sand, had long since slowed down to a walk; the last dim blur of the cottonwoods along the Fork had disappeared; and the rider swayed in the saddle, the dead lifelessness of sky and desert dulling his brain. Yet he had not forgotten his errand—rousing constantly from lethargy to sweep his shaded eyes about the rounded horizon, keenly marking the slightest shadow across the sands, taking advantage of every drift to give him wider viewpoint, rising in his stirrups to scan the leagues of desolation ahead. Twice he drew his revolver from out its sheath, tested it, and slipped in a fresh cartridge, returning the weapon more lightly to its place, the flap of the holster turned back and held open by his leg. The sun beat upon him like a ball of fire, the hot sand flinging the blaze back into his face. He pushed back the upper part of his shirt and drank a swallow of tepid water from a canteen strapped behind the saddle. His eyes ached with the glare, until he saw fantastic red and yellow shapes dancing dizzily before him. The weariness of the long night pressed upon his eye-balls; he felt the strain of the past hours, the lack of food, the need of rest. His head nodded, and he brought himself to life again with a jerk and a muttered word, staring out into the dim, formless distance. Lord, if there was only something moving, something he could concentrate his attention upon; something to rest the straining eyes!

But there was nothing, absolutely nothing—just that seemingly endless stretch of sand, circled by the blazing sky, the wind sweeping its surface soundless and hot, as though from the pits of hell; no stir, no motion, no movement of anything animate or inanimate to break the awful monotony. Death! it was death everywhere! his aching eyes rested on nothing but what was typical of death. Even the heat waves seemed fantastic, grotesque, assuming spectral forms, as though ghosts beckoned and danced in the haze, luring him on to become one of themselves. Keith was not a dreamer, nor one to yield easily to such brain fancies, but the mad delirium of loneliness gripped him, and he had to struggle back to sanity, beating his hands upon his breast to stir anew the sluggish circulation of his blood, and talking to the horse in strange feverishness.

With every step of advance the brooding silence seemed more profound, more deathlike. He got to marking the sand ridges, the slight variations giving play to the brain. Way off to the left was the mirage of a lake, apparently so real that he had to battle with himself to keep from turning aside. He dropped forward in the saddle, his head hanging low, galled by the incessant sun glare he could no longer bear the glitter of that terrible ocean of sand. It was noon now—noon, and he had been riding steadily seven hours. The thought brought his blurred eyes again to the horizon. Where could he be, the man he sought in the heart of this solitude? Surely he should be here by now, if he had left the water-hole at dawn. Could he have gone the longer route, south to the Fork? The possibility of such a thing seared through him like a hot iron, driving the dullness from his brain, the lethargy from his limbs. God! no! Fate could never play such a scurvy trick as that! The man must have been delayed; had failed to leave camp early—somewhere ahead, yonder where the blue haze marked the union of sand and sky, he was surely coming, riding half dead, and drooping in the saddle.

Again Keith rose in his stirrups, rubbing the mist out of his eyes that he might see clearer, and stared ahead. What was that away out yonder? a shadow? a spot dancing before his tortured vision? or a moving, living something which he actually saw?

He could not tell, he could not be sure, yet he straightened up expectantly, shading his eyes, and never losing sight of the object. It moved, grew larger, darker, more real—yet how it crawled, crawled, crawled toward him. It seemed as if the vague, shapeless thing would never take form, never stand out revealed against the sky so he could determine the truth. He had forgotten all else—the silent desert, the blazing sun, the burning wind—all his soul concentrated on that speck yonder. Suddenly it disappeared—a swale in the sand probably—and, when it rose into view again, he uttered a cry of joy—it was a horse and rider!

Little by little they drew nearer one another, two black specks in that vast ocean of sand, the only moving, living things under the brazen circie of the sky. Keith was ready now, his eyes bright, the cocked revolver gripped hard in his hand. The space between them narrowed, and Hawley saw him, caught a glimpse of the face under the broad hat brim, the burning eyes surveying him. With an oath he stopped his horse, dragging at his gun, surprised, dazed, yet instantly understanding. Keith also halted, and across the intervening desert the eyes of the two men met in grim defiance. The latter wet his dry lips, and spoke shortly:

"I reckon you know what this means, Hawley, and why I am here. We're Southerners both of us, and we settle our own personal affairs. You've got to fight me now, man to man."

The gambler glanced about him, and down at his horse. If he thought of flight it was useless. His lip curled with contempt.

"Damn your talking, Keith," he returned savagely. "Let's have it over with," and spurred his horse. The gun of the other came up.

"Wait!" and Hawley paused, dragging at his rein. "One of us most likely is going to die here; perhaps both. But if either survives he'll need a horse to get out of this alive. Dismount; I'll do the same; step away so the horses are out of range, and then we'll fight it out—is that square?"

Without a word, his eyes gleaming with cunning hatred, the gambler swung down from his saddle onto the sand, his horse interposed between him and the other. Keith did the same, his eyes peering across the back of his animal.

"Now," he said steadily, "when I count three drive your horse aside, and let go—are you ready?"

"Damn you—yes!"

"Then look out—one! two! three!"

The plainsman struck his horse with the quirt in his left hand and sprang swiftly aside so as to clear the flank of the animal, his shooting arm flung out. There was a flash of flame across Hawley's saddle, a sharp report, and Keith reeled backward, dropping to his knees, one hand clutching at the sand. Again Hawley fired, but the horse, startled by the double report, leaped aside, and the ball went wild. Keith wheeled about, steadying himself with his outstretched hand, and let drive, pressing the trigger, until, through the haze over his eyes, he saw Hawley go stumbling down, shooting wildly as he fell. The man never moved, and Keith endeavored to get up, his gun still held ready, the smoke circling about them. He had been shot treacherously, as a cowardly cur might shoot, and he could not clear his mind of the thought that this last act hid treachery also. But he could not raise himself, could not stand; red and black shadows danced before his eyes; he believed he saw the arm of the other move. Like a snake he crept forward, holding himself up with one hand, his head dizzily reeling, but his gun held steadily on that black, shapeless object lying on the sand. Then the revolver hand began to quiver, to shake, to make odd circles; he couldn't see; it was all black, all nothingness. Suddenly he went down face first into the sand.

They both lay motionless, the thirsty sand drinking in their life blood, Hawley huddled upon his left side, his hat still shading the glazing eyes, Keith lying flat, his face in the crook of an arm whose hand still gripped a revolver. There was a grim smile on his lips, as if, as he pitched forward, he knew that, after he had been shot to death, he had gotten his man. The riderless horses gazed at the two figures, and drifted away, slowly, fearfully, still held in mute subjection to their dead masters by dangling reins. The sun blazed down from directly overhead, the heat waves rising and falling, the dead, desolate desert stretching to the sky. An hour, two passed. The horses were now a hundred yards' away, nose to nose. "Else was changeless. Then into the far northern sky there rose a black speck, growing larger and larger; others came from the east and west, beating the air with widely spread wings, great beaks stretched forward. Out from their nests of foulness the desert scavengers were coming for their spoil.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

#### At the Water-Hole.

Up from the far, dim southwest they rode slowly, silently, wearied still by the exertions of the past night, and burned by the fierce rays of the desert sun. No wind of sufficient force had blown since Keith passed that way, and they could easily follow the hoof prints of his horse across the sand waste. Bristoe was ahead, hat brim drawn low, scanning the horizon line unceasingly. Somewhere out in the midst of that mystery was hidden tragedy, and he dreaded the knowledge of its truth. Behind him Fair-

bain and Hope rode together, their lips long since grown silent, the man ever glancing uneasily aside at her, the girl drooping slightly in the saddle, with pale face and heavy eyes. Five prisoners, lashed together, the binding rope fastened to the pommels of the two "Bar X" men's saddles, were bunched together, and behind all came Bristoe, his black face glistening in the heat.

Suddenly Bristoe drew rein, and rose to the full length in the stirrups, shading his eyes from the sun's glare, as he stared ahead. Two motionless black specks were visible—yet were they motionless? or was it the heat waves which seemed to yield them movement? He drove in his spurs, driving his startled horse to the summit of a low sand ridge, and again halted, gazing intently forward. He was not mistaken—they were horses.

Knowing instantly what it meant—those riderless animals drifting derelict in the heart of the desert—his throat dry with fear, the scout wheeled, and spurred back to his party, quickly resolving on a course of action. Hawley and Keith had met; both had fallen, either dead or wounded. A moment's delay now might cost a life; he would need Fairbain, but he must keep the girl back, if possible. But could he? She straightened up in the saddle as he came spurring toward them; her eyes wide open, one hand clutching at her throat.

"Doctor," he called as soon as he was near enough, his horse circling, "that is somethin' showin' out yonder I'd like ter take a look at, an' I reckon you better go long. The nigger kin com' up ahead yere with Miss Waite."

She struck her horse, and he plunged forward, bringing her face to face with Bristoe.

"What is it? Tell me, what is it?"

"Nothin' but a loose hoss, Miss."

"A horse! here on the desert?" looking about, her eyes dark with horror. "But how could that be? Could—could it be Captain Keith's?"

Bristoe cast an appealing glance at Fairbain, mopping his face vigorously, not knowing what to say, and the older attempted to turn the tide.

"Not likely—not likely at all—no reason why it should be—probably just a stray horse—you stay back here, Miss Hope—Ben and I will find out, and let you know."

"No, I'm going," she cried, stifling a sob in her throat. "It would kill me to wait here."

She was off before either might raise hand or voice in protest, and they could only urge their horses in effort to overtake her, the three rai-



The Eyes of the Two Met in Defiance.

cing forward fetlock deep in sand. Mounted upon a swifter animal Fairbain forged ahead; he could see the two horses now plainly, their heads uplifted, their reins dangling. Without perceiving more he knew already what was waiting there on the sand, and swore fiercely, spurring his horse mercilessly, forgetful of all else, even the girl, in his intense desire to reach and touch the bodies. He had begged to do this himself, to be privileged to seek this man Hawley, to kill him—but now he was the physician, with no other thought except a hope to save. Before his horse had even stopped he knew that, after he had been shot to death, he had gotten his man. The man never moved, and Keith endeavored to get up, his gun still held ready, the smoke circling about them. He had been shot treacherously, as a cowardly cur might shoot, and he could not clear his mind of the thought that this last act hid treachery also. But he could not raise himself, could not stand; red and black shadows danced before his eyes; he believed he saw the arm of the other move. Like a snake he crept forward, holding himself up with one hand, his head dizzily reeling, but his gun held steadily on that black, shapeless object lying on the sand. Then the revolver hand began to quiver, to shake, to make odd circles; he couldn't see; it was all black, all nothingness. Suddenly he went down face first into the sand.

They both lay motionless, the thirsty sand drinking in their life blood, Hawley huddled upon his left side, his hat still shading the glazing eyes, Keith lying flat, his face in the crook of an arm whose hand still gripped a revolver. There was a grim smile on his lips, as if, as he pitched forward, he knew that, after he had been shot to death, he had gotten his man. The riderless horses gazed at the two figures, and drifted away, slowly, fearfully, still held in mute subjection to their dead masters by dangling reins. The sun blazed down from directly overhead, the heat waves rising and falling, the dead, desolate desert stretching to the sky. An hour, two passed. The horses were now a hundred yards' away, nose to nose.

"Else was changeless. Then into the far northern sky there rose a black speck, growing larger and larger; others came from the east and west, beating the air with widely spread wings, great beaks stretched forward. Out from their nests of foulness the desert scavengers were coming for their spoil.

"Yes—yes," she answered, "don't mind me."

He tore open the woolen shirt, soaked with blood already hardening, felt within with skilled fingers, his eyes keen, his lips muttering unconsciously.

"Quarter of an inch—quarter of an inch too high—scraped the lung—Lord, if I can only get it out—got to do it now—can't wait—he, Bristoe, that leather case on my saddle—run, damn you—we'll save him yet, girl—there, drop his head in your lap—yes, cry if you want to—only hold still—open the case, will you—down here, where I can reach it—now water—all our canteens—Hope, tear me off a strip of your under-skirt—what am I going to do?—extract the ball—got to do it—blood poison in this sun."

She ripped her skirt, handing it to

him without a word; then dropped her white face in her hands, bending, with closed eyes, over the whiter face resting on her lap, her lips trembling with the one prayer, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" How long he was at it, or what he did, she scarcely knew—she heard the splash of water; caught the flash of the sun on the probe; felt the half conscious shudder of the wounded man, whose head was in her lap, the deft, quick movements of Fairbain, and then—

"That's it—I've got it—missed the lung by a hair—damn me I'm proud of that job—you're a good girl."

She looked at him, scarce able to see, her eyes blinded with tears.

"Will—will he live? Oh, tell me!"

"Live! Why shouldn't he?—nothing but a hole to close up—nature'll do that, with a bit of nursing—here, now don't you keel over—give me the rest of that skirt."

He bandaged the wound, then glanced about suddenly.

"How's the other fellow?"

"Dead," returned Bristoe, "shot through the heart."

"Thought so—have seen Keith shoot before—I wonder how the cuss ever managed to get him."

As he arose to his feet, his red face glistening with perspiration, and began strapping his leather case, the others rode up, and Bristoe, explaining the situation, set the men to making preparations for pushing on to the water-hole. Blankets were swung between ponies, and the bodies of the dead and wounded deposited therein, firm hands on the bridles. Hope rode close beside Keith, struggling to keep back the tears, as she watched him lying motionless, unconscious, scarcely breathing. So, under the early glow of the desert stars, they came to the water-hole, and halted.

The wounded man opened his eyes, and looked about him unable to comprehend. At first all was dark, silent; then he saw the stars overhead, and a breath of air fanned the near-by fire, the ruddy glow of flame flashing across his face. He heard voices faintly, and thus, little by little, consciousness asserted itself and memory struggled back into his bewildered brain. The desert—the lonely leagues of sand—his fingers gripped as if they felt the stock of a gun—yet that was all over—he was not there—but he was somewhere—and alive, alive. It hurt him to move, to breathe even, and after one effort to turn over, he lay perfectly still, staring up into the black arch of sky, endeavoring to think, to understand—where was he? How had he come there? Was Hawley alive also? A face bent over him, the features faintly visible in the flash of firelight. His dull eyes lit up in sudden recollection.

"Doc! is that you?"

"Sure, old man," the pudgy fingers feeling his pulse, the gray eyes twinkling. "Narrow squeak you had—going to pull through all right, though—no sign of fever."

"Where am I?"

"At the water-hole; sling you in a blanket, and get you into Larned to-morrow."

There was a moment's silence, Keith finding it hard to speak.

"Hawley?" he whispered at last.

"Oh, don't worry; you got him all right. Say," his voice sobering, "maybe it was just as well you took that job. If it had been me I would have been in bad."

The wounded man's eyes questioned. "It's a bad mix-up, Keith. Waite never told us all of it. I reckon he didn't want her to know, and she never shall, if I can help it. I've been looking over some papers in his pocket—he'd likely been after them this trip—and his name ain't Hawley. He's Bartlett Gale, Christie's father."

Keith could not seem to grasp the thought, his eyes half-closed.

"Her—her father?" he questioned, weakly. "Do you suppose he knew?"

"No; not at first, anyhow; not at Sheridan. He was too interested in his scheme to even suspicion he had actually stumbled onto the real girl. I think he just found out."

A coyote howled somewhere in the darkness, a melancholy chorus joining in with long-drawn cadence. A shadow swept into the radius of dancing firelight.

"Is he conscious, Doctor?"

Fairbain drew back silently, and she dropped on her knees at Keith's side, bending low to look into his face.

"Hope—Hope."

"Yes, dear, and you are going to live now—live for me."

He found her hand, and held it, clasped within his own, his eyes wide open.

"I have never told you," he said, softly, "how much I love you."

She bent lower until her cheek touched his.

"No, Jack, but you may now."

THE END.

Why buy packing house meats when you can have home dressed meats at H. A. Kramer's. We cure all our hams and bacon and boil our hams, no poison in them. 84tf

Smoke FAIR PROMISE 5c Cigars.

There is one medicine that every family should be provided with especially during the summer months; viz, Chamberlain's Cnic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed. It costs but a quarter. Can you afford to be without it? Sold by all dealers.

She ripped her skirt, handing it to

## A CLEVER MYSTERY SERIAL

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Latest Sheet Music  
9c PER COPY. Postage Paid  
Send for Free Catalogue  
LESLEY'S, 353 Massachusetts Ave  
Indianapolis, Indiana



March 12, 1911.

## AT RUSHVILLE

## PASSENGER SERVICE

West Bound	East Bound
\$4 58	\$6 50
55 58	*2 00
6 23	2 35
*8 00	*4 00
8 39	4 39
10 00	*10 00
10 35	6 35
*12 00	*8 00
	*1 19
	10 19
	12 49

Light face, A. M.; Dark face, P. M.  
\*Limited. Connersville Dispatch.  
\$ Starts from Rushville.

Additional Trains arrive:

From East, 8:23; 11:28.  
From West, 9:19  
EXPRESS for delivery at stations  
carried on all passenger trains  
during the day.

FREIGHT SERVICE  
West Bound, Lv. 9:40 am ex. Sunday  
East Bound, Lv. 6:30 am ex. Sunday

FOLEY'S  
HONEY AND TAR

## FOR ALL COUGHS AND COLDS

For bronchitis, hoarseness and tickling in the throat. Especially recommended for children and delicate persons. No opiates. A medicine, not a narcotic. The Bee Hive on the carton is the mark of the genuine. Refuse substitutes.

## F. B. JOHNSON &amp; COMPANY.

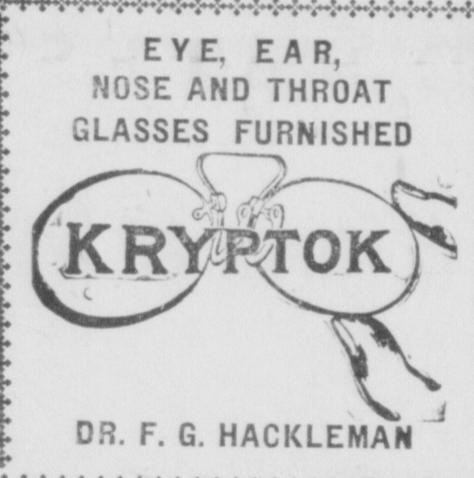
If you want a really first-class floor finish try our Floor-Lac. Oneal Bros.

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## To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Groves and Mullin, Druggists.



Office 1408—Phone—Res. 1162  
DR. L. C. KIGIN  
Veterinarian  
Office Johnson's Drug Store  
Rushville, Indiana.

**Foley Kidney Pills**  
TONIC IN ACTION — QUICK IN RESULTS  
Give prompt relief from BACKACHE,  
KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLE  
RHEUMATISM, CONGESTION OF THE  
KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION OF THE  
BLADDER and all annoying URINARY  
IRREGULARITIES. A positive boon to  
MIDDLE AGED and E. FRYL  
PEOPLE and for WOMEN.

Ask for samples.  
F. B. JOHNSON & COMPANY.

DR. J. B. KINSINGER,  
Osteopathic Physician.

Office in Kramer Building, Rushville, Ind. Outside calls answered and treatment given in the home.

Office hours—8:30 to 11:30 a.m.; 1:30 to 4:30 p.m.

Phones—Office, 1587; residence, 1281.

Consultation at office free.

J. W. GARTIN  
LIVE STOCK AND GENERAL  
Auctioneer  
Your patronage solicited.  
Terms reasonable, satisfac-  
tion guaranteed.  
Phone 3330 Rushville, Ind.  
Residence "Ideal Stock Farm,"  
two and a quarter miles north-  
east of city.

PARR HOUNDED  
UNMERCIFULY

Detractors Even Stoop to Per-  
secute His Wife.

## ECHO OF THE JENKINS CASE

Since Richard Parr Has Been Un-  
covering Details of Unique Smuggling  
Scheme His Life Has Been Made a  
Burden to Him, but He Says He Will  
See the Fight Through No Matter  
What Happens.

New York, June 27.—The government has turned over to United States Attorney Wise such information as has been obtained concerning the alleged smuggling into this port of valuable jewelry, said to have been presented to Mrs. Helen Jenkins. Nathan Allen is a leather maker of Kenosha, Wis., who is said to have presented Mrs. Jenkins with the smuggled gems. John R. Collins of Nashville, Tenn., has also been mentioned in the case, and it is intimated that several persons in New York had something to do with the Jenkins jewels. The custom house became interested in the case last April, when Richard Parr, the deputy surveyor, who figured so prominently in the sugar underweighting cases, told Collector Loeb that he had received a tip concerning a smuggling scheme with unusual features. Since then \$5,000 worth of jewels which were in Mrs. Jenkins's possession have been seized by the customs men. It was from Mrs. Jenkins principally that information concerning smuggling was obtained. It is said that the government has information concerning jewelry and wearing apparel valued at over \$300,000.

Parr said that the case against Allen and Collins was only the entering wedge in an investigation by which the government expects to uncover a smuggling scheme involving at least \$2,000,000.

It is asserted that the principal in the case, the man who managed the smuggling, is a prominent New Yorker. Mr. Parr said that if the case had not been sprung prematurely he would have had evidence enough to present to the grand jury and ask for an indictment. He declared that a number of customs men, two or more, are involved in accepting bribes to help through the smuggled stuff. Allen's lawyers and Collins's lawyers had offered to settle in full with the government, all offers having been refused, and the cases will go to trial if the grand jury returns indictments.

Since the investigation was taken up many stories calculated to discredit Parr have reached government officers. Parr has said that during his investigations he had been "hounded" very much as he was while working on the sugar cases. Last Thursday someone called up Parr's wife on the telephone and tried to tell her a story which if true would have reflected upon her husband's personal character, and which was mighty unpleasant to hear in any event. Mrs. Parr became hysterical and yesterday a child was born dead. Mrs. Parr is recovering. Her husband says he means to see the fight through no matter what happens.

The Mooney & Boland detective agency, which has for a long time acted in Mr. Allen's interests as far as those interests concern Mrs. Jenkins, denied that it was one of their operatives who talked to Mrs. Parr over the wire.

## KNOCKED OUT

Department of Interior Cancels Rich Cunningham Claims.

Washington, June 27.—By a decision of the commissioner of the general land office, department of the interior, the Cunningham coal claim, which was one of the principal bones of contention between the Ballinger-Pinchot factions, is cancelled.

The claimants by the decision lose control of thirty-three entries, estimated to be worth many millions of dollars, in the Kayak district of Alaska.

## Choice Generally Recommended.

Paris, June 27.—Joseph Caillaux is the new premier of France. President Fallières tendered the post to M. Caillaux, who was minister of finance in the Monis cabinet, which recently resigned, and the minister accepted and began immediately the task of filling the cabinet. The choice is generally commended.

## WEATHER EVERYWHERE

Observations of United States weather bureaus taken at 8 p.m. yesterday follow:

Temp.	Weather.
New York..... 68	Cloudy
Boston..... 60	Rain
Denver..... 56	Cloudy
San Francisco..... 52	Clear
St. Paul..... 64	Clear
Chicago..... 84	Cloudy
Indianapolis..... 77	Clear
St. Louis..... 81	Cloudy
New Orleans..... 78	Cloudy
Washington..... 82	Pt. Cloudy
Philadelphia..... 74	Cloudy

Generally fair and somewhat cooler; Wednesday fair.

## AMUSEMENTS

Following the stirring western drama of "Arizona" at the Murat Theater, the Stock Company will present for one week, starting Monday, June 26, a three-act comedy, "Wildfire." A play that is in a manner directly antipodal to the current attraction, as the locale of the story is in the East, where fashion rules, and the dress suit and opera hat replaces the corduroy and sombrero. For Wildfire is the name of a racing horse and the denunciation of the plot has to do with his winning a race wherein like Salvador everything is bet on him from gloves and money to the marriage of two of the principal characters of the story. Wildfire belongs to a widow, a Mrs. Barrington, whose husband left her with a stable of racing horses. Her sister is engaged to be married to the son of an influential man, a preacher, who is at the head of the anti-racing movement before the legislature. The match is a desirable one, and in order not to jeopardize the happiness of her sister, the widow has her stable run under the name of Duffy. Much to her surprise and discomfiture an unprincipled bookmaker of that particular, but hardly peculiar name, shows himself at the track where Wildfire is to run. The scene shows the training quarters of the stable. Duffy appears and gives his orders to the negro jockey, the instructions are, that if he waves a handkerchief from the window, the jockey is to let Wildfire win, if he does not signal, the horse is to be pulled and throw the race. A stable boy has bet all his money on Wildfire, and he overhears the instructions from the stable loft, as the race is about to begin. He slides a pole and is found on the floor in a paroxysm of anger and despair, by the widow, who learns from him, Duff's scheme to throw the race. Duffy had previously tried to ingratiate himself with her. She now humors him and as the horses dash by she seizes his handkerchief and waves Wildfire to victory.

Interspersed through the comedy scenes there is a vein of pathos and sentiment that gives heart interest to the story. The pathetic appeal of the little stable boy causes tears to mingle with mirth aroused by his race track slang and witty epigrams.

## Knew His Machine.



Magistrate (to chauffeur)—Why didn't you slow up when you had run over the man?

"What for?"

"To see if he was hurt."

"I knew he was."

About four thousand five hundred species of wild bees are known, and of wasps, 1,100.

In moving the Astor library, in New York, twenty thousand volumes a day were handled.

Knockout, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair Quickly Stopped.

There is one place where baldheaded men shine, and that is in the front row seats of the theatre. If these bald-headed people had used Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy in their earlier days they would not be so conspicuous now. This preparation does not plant new hair, but it does strengthen weak, dying hair, and not only brightens dull, parched hair, but gradually restores the color to faded or gray hair. It is a clean, wholesome hair dressing, which can be used daily with perfect safety.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is sold under guarantee that the money will be refunded if it fails to do exactly as represented.

This preparation is offered to the public at fifty cents a bottle, and is recommended and sold by all druggists.

Special Agents, Hargrove and Mullin, Druggists, Rushville, Indiana.

## RICHARD PARR

Customs Investigator Hounded in a Most Disgraceful Fashion.

LOANS, ABSTRACTS OF TITLE  
AND INSURANCE

WE GIVE YOU THE  
BEST SERVICE

LOUIS C. LAMBERT & COMPANY  
OFFICE: Over Rush County National Bank

## Daily Markets

## Indianapolis Grain and Livestock.

Wheat—Wagon, 84c; No. 2 red, 85c. Corn—No. 2, 54½c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 38½c. Hay—Baled, \$19.00@20.00; timothy, \$20.00@22.00; mixed, \$16.00@18.00. Cattle—\$4.00@6.35. Hogs—\$5.25@6.60. Sheep—\$3.00@3.50. Lambs—\$4.00@6.50. Receipts—3,500 hogs; 500 cattle; 150 sheep.

## At Cincinnati.

Wheat—No. 2 red, 89c. Corn—No. 2, 58c. Oats—No. 2, 42c. Cattle—\$3.50@6.10. Hogs—\$5.50@6.55. Sheep—\$2.50@3.50. Lambs—\$4.50@7.75.

## At Chicago.

Wheat—No. 2 red, 90c. Corn—No. 2, 55½c. Oats—No. 2, 40c. Cattle—Steers, \$5.00@6.65; stockers and feeders, \$4.00@5.35. Hogs—\$5.50@6.50. Sheep—\$3.00@4.15. Lambs—\$4.25@6.85.

## At St. Louis.

Wheat—No. 2 red, 88c. Corn—No. 2, 56½c. Oats—No. 2, 42c. Cattle—Steers, \$5.00@6.65; stockers and feeders, \$4.00@5.35. Hogs—\$5.50@6.50. Sheep—\$2.75@4.10. Lambs—\$4.25@7.00.

## At East Buffalo.

Cattle—\$4.25@6.50. Hogs—\$5.00@6.75. Sheep—\$2.75@3.75. Lambs—\$4.50@7.50.

Theo. H. Reed & Son are paying the following prices for grain—today, June 27, 1911:

Wheat, 60lb ..... 62c  
Wheat, 59lb ..... 62c  
Wheat, 58lb ..... 60c  
Wheat, 57lb ..... 58c  
Wheat, 56lb ..... 56c

Corn ..... 52c  
New Oats ..... 55c  
Timothy Seed, per bu. \$4.50 to \$5.00

Clover Seed ..... \$6.00 to \$7.00

The following are the ruling prices of the Rushville market, corrected to date—June 27, 1911:

POULTRY.  
Hens on foot, per pound ..... 8c  
Turkeys, per pound ..... 9c  
Ducks ..... 7c  
Geese, per pound ..... 4c

PRODUCE  
Eggs, per dozen ..... 12c  
Butter, country, per pound ..... 12c

## Want Ad Department

Advertisements under this head are charged for at the rate of one-third cent per word for each insertion. The same rates apply in Indiana, Illinois and Ohio.

Star and Daily Republican at the combined rate of one cent per word. Found articles of small value will be advertised free of charge.

LOST—Lady's gold watch attached to leather fob. Fob had letter carrier's chain pinned to it. Finder will be rewarded for returning to Mrs. Heber Allen or to the post office.

8913

WANTED—Customer for 5 passenger single cylinder Cadillac. In good shape at a bargain. See J. C. Caldwell.

8816

FOR SALE—1 phaeton 2 buggies and 1 set of harness. All in good condition. See Harry Jones, Riverside Park.

351f

FOR SALE—a fine farm containing 211 acres; will be sold cheap if taken soon; has living spring and good stream of water; 500 rods new wire fence; two houses and two barns, one mile apart, which makes it easy to divide in two places. Known as Thomas H. Pond farm, one mile north of Andersonville. Call on or address Ida Pond, New Saem. Or John D. Megee, Rushville, Ind.

431f

WANTED—Gentleman Roomers and Boarders. 403 North Morgan. Phone 1593.

**OUR INSURANCE DEPARTMENT**  
Is Thoroughly Posted in All the Details of  
**INSURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES**  
Strong Companies Lowest Rates Best Policies  
**THE PEOPLES LOAN & TRUST CO.**  
Rushville, Indiana  
"The Home for Savings"

## APPRECIATION

Worthy of All Our Efforts to Make the  
**MIDSUMMER ECONOMY SALE**

a huge success, was shown, immediately upon opening our doors. The time spent in arranging the goods, each with a big price card, attached, makes buying easy.

Read over the [big bills carefully, that we have distributed throughout the county, then come prepared] to find the biggest bargains that have ever been offered you.

Economy speaks aloud in every piece of merchandise under this roof. Dollars saved are dollars made.

**Don't Delay Come Today**  
**The Mauzy Co.**  
The Corner Store The Daylight Store

**Toy Oats This Week**  
16c a Package  
Fresh Bread Spring Chicken  
**Cochran & Weber**  
105 W. First St. Phone No. 3293

Purchase Advertised Articles.

### Let Us Supply Your Wants For the Coming Season

We have Economy Jars, Mason Jars Standard Wax Jars, Star Tin Cans, Sealing Wax, Parafine, Extra Heavy Rubbers and Lids for all kinds of Jars.

**L. L. ALLEN, Grocer**  
Phone 1420 North Main St.

**Want Ads Bring Results**

## Bargains for the Week

12½c and 15c Percale, your choice for per yard..... 9c

12½c Dress Gingham, your choice, for per yard..... 9c

25c Magnolia Zephyrs and Tissues, your choice, for per yard..... 19c

Standard Calicoes, Simpson and American Brands, any amount you want, per yard..... 5c

\$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 White Shirts Waists, choice for..... 98c

15c quality Lawns, many patterns, your choice for..... 12½c

50c and 75c Colored Linens and Suitings, while they last choice, per yard..... 10c

Fancy Flaxons, your choice of any pattern, per yard..... 15c

**Kennedy & Casady**

"The Store That Satisfies"

Pictorial Review Patterns

Phone No. 1143

## STORM SWEEPS RUSH COUNTY

Continued from page 1.

same township. The rural carrier who passes that house estimates that at least one hundred trees were blown across the pike which passes the Reeves home.

The damage in and around Carthage was very great according to the meager reports which were obtained here. It was impossible to communicate with the town by telephone. Stories are rife that roofs of barns and houses were torn off and carried many feet. It was reported that some structures were moved several feet but not blown over.

Both the barn and the house on the Jefferson Leisure farm near Carthage was unroofed and the roofs were carried several feet by the wind. Other damage was done about his farm where it seems the wind was especially strong.

A funny scene was enacted on the farm of Ephraim Myers east of Henderson during the storm. A cow in the barnyard was lifted up by the strong wind, carried several feet and tossed into the water trough on its back. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the animal was taken out of the trough.

The roof of the barn on Robert Irwin's farm near Carthage was blown off and carried several feet into a nearby field.

The large barn on the Webb Graves farm north of Sexton was almost completely wrecked by the high wind. It is reported that several other barns in that vicinity were damaged and on one farm a barn was blown over on several horses, severely injuring them. Lots of timber was reported to have been blown over in that vicinity as was the corn, wheat and oats. Several orchards there were also demolished.

Arlington could not be reached by telephone and reports from there are to the effect that considerable damage was done. Many chimneys in the town were blown over and many shade trees were uprooted. The crops in that vicinity were badly damaged. A peculiar freak of the wind is reported from Arlington, where a blacksmith shop was moved over three feet. The building was not damaged in the least. It was gently picked up and set down from all appearance. Other reports are that several barns in that neighborhood were unroofed.

It was impossible to reach Manilla by telephone today as the wires were down all over that part of the county. It is reported that great damage was done in the vicinity of Manilla but nothing definite can be learned.

The telephone lines between here and Raleigh, Falmouth, Mays and Occident were all down and it was impossible to communicate with any points in the northern part of the county.

It was reported here this afternoon that the large elevator in Gings had been blown over and demolished during the storm, but the story could not be verified.

Great damage was done on the James A. Powell farm north of the city. Fences were torn down, trees uprooted, wheat, oats, and corn blown down and many fruit trees were demolished.

The wind mill on the Frank Sample farm northeast of the city was blown

over. It was also reported that slate was blown from the roof of the house.

According to the reports of men who were in Rushville today, the storm played havoc in the vicinity of Occident. All of the windows in Dr. Bowen's home were blown in. So terrible was the storm, many people thought that cyclone was in progress and sought the cellars of their homes for protection.

Related stories of damage done by lightning in this city during the storm yesterday morning about eleven o'clock have just come to life. A bolt of lightning struck a telephone pole near the Second Baptist church and the lightning was carried along on the wires and shocked several people in that neighborhood. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh Floyd, Mrs. Henry Taylor and another colored woman were shocked when the lightning entered their homes through the telephone. All of the telephones in that end of the city were put out of commission.

About the same time lightning struck the James C. Gregg house, where Prof. and Mrs. J. H. Williams live, in East Eighth street. The lightning spliced the window casing, ran into the room, was conveyed along a brass bed and to the floor. A large hole was burned in the carpet and the floor, where the bolt finally entered the ground. A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Williams was sitting within a few feet of the window and was badly stunned when the lightning hit the house.

## KEEPS UP REPUTATION

Shelby County is Haven For Two More Divorced Couples.

Shelby county is acquiring a reputation for being the haven of divorced men and women as the number of divorcees granted and applied for there recently seems to be almost numberless. Judge Blair granted two degrees of separation yesterday. Mrs. Mattie Ruby of Morristown was given a divorce from her husband, Charles Ruby on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment. The second divorce was given to Albert Anderson of Shelbyville from his wife, Elizabeth. He alleged that she abandoned him for an affinity.

## LOCAL NEWS

The meeting of the Sunday school teachers of the St. Paul M. E. Sunday school announced for Wednesday night with James Lock has been postponed.

The Band of Workers of the First Presbyterian church will meet in the church parlors Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock. A good attendance is desired.

County Superintendent C. M. George bought a lot of Theodore Abercrombie at the corner of Twelfth and Main street for \$800.00. He will plan to build a modern home there.

Rollie Miller, the St. Paul boy who was injured by an electric wire in Indianapolis a few weeks ago and who was reported to have been killed, is considerably better at present and will soon be able to be out.

Mrs. Victor McKee, aged 18, died Sunday at her home near Lewisville, after an illness of a few days with blood poisoning, an infant child having died last week. The remains were taken to New Castle yesterday and shipped to Anderson for burial.

The Willing Workers class of the St. Paul M. E. Sunday school will meet with Mrs. Echle at her home in North Sexton street Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. This is a meeting for reorganization and a good attendance is desired.

## HAVE RICE CLUB.

Shelbyville Democrat: Shakespeare had to die before "Shakespeare Clubs" were ever heard of, but now we hear of "Rice Clubs" while our esteemed friend, Alonzo Rice, the poet still lives among us, moving on toward the zenith of his career.

WANTED—5 or 6 room house with bath and in good location. Phone 3470. 92tf

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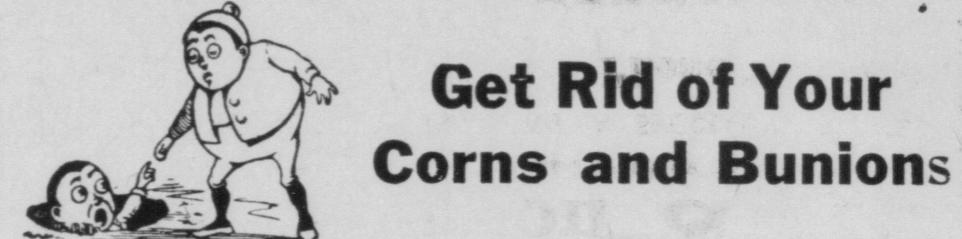
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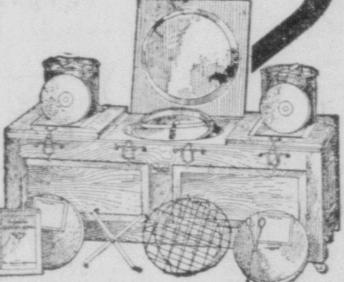
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